

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 7.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1927

FIVE CENTS. \$2 THE YEAR

The World in the Week's News

Wednesday, August 10.

FURTHER stay of execution for Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti considered by Governor Alvan T. Fuller of Massachusetts on plea of Arthur D. Hill, defense attorney. In the meantime Isadora Duncan, dancer and "Queen of the Reds" stages forensic battle with an American jurist in a Paris cafe.

Announcement is made that 13 airplanes are ready at Oakland to make the "hop off" for Hawaii on August 16.

Claire Windsor, film star, granted divorce from Bert Lytell, her movie actor husband.

Fortunes of Jenny Wren chain stores in mix-up and state moves to oust E. W. Trapp, the president.

Lloyd George plans visit to the United States next year.

Thursday, August 11

Twelve-day stay of execution granted by Governor Fuller of Massachusetts to Sacco and Venzetti. Date of killing of convicted men is now midnight, Monday, August 22.

Charge made by Will C. Wod, state bank examiner, that closing of Inyo County bank was caused by "huge embezzlements" and that bank's statement of condition on July 20 was "gross misrepresentation". It was stated through notices posted by bank officials when this bank and the First National Bank of Bishop closed last week that the reason for the failures was the "destructive policy of the city of Los Angeles" in its fight with farmers over water rights.

Two aviators, Lieutenant George D. Covell and Richard S. Waggener, entrants in the Hawaii race, are killed when their machine strikes high bluff at Point Loma while enroute to San Francisco.

Friday, August 12

Hawaiian flight delayed until Tuesday, August 16, by agreement of all entrants.

United States Supreme Court to hear "bill of exceptions" in Saco-Vanzetti case.

Heury Ford and his son take first airplane flight in Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis".

Inyo bank officials face prosecution for
(Turn to Page Two)

KICK IN

TOWARDS the end of a season of good plays a reviewer is likely to find the supply of superlatives running a bit low. But I would like to bring them all to use about "Kick In", Willard Mack's play given last night at the Theatre of The Golden Bough for the benefit of the Abalone League. The play, while not a great one, ranks high in the realm of crook plays. Certainly it is very strong dramatic meat, and a well-knit, stirring story. It revolves around Chick Hewes, a reformed convict, his wife, Molly, their friends, and the New York police department.

To the Hewes' apartment late one night comes Myrtle Sylvester bringing her sweetheart, Benny, who has been badly wounded when he was robbing a house. Knowing nothing of the case, and running straight, Chick could not refuse to help out his friends, and he and his wife are caught in the toils of the law. The story is admirably worked out by the author, and it would spoil the pleasure of the playgoer to tell it here.

Frank Sheridan was given a good cast to work with and his direction was flawless. He instilled a professional finish in every actor. The tempo of the whole play was good; there was no hurrying of lines, and the stage pictures were carefully worked out. He also played a small part himself—that of Jack Diggs, a detective.

There are three members of the cast whose work stood out—Marian Todd, Byington Ford and Franklin Murphy. As Myrtle Sylvester, Benny's sweetheart, Marian Todd gave a really superb rendering of her part. Few actresses can so empty themselves of their own personalities and assume so completely the disguise of the allotted character. In the second act, in her hysterical scene at the Hewes apartment, she gave an extraordinarily competent piece of acting. Her make-up was very fine also.

Panteleieffs Offer Series of Recitals

MUCH INTEREST is apparent in announcement of the four weekly recitals to be given by Max Panteleieff, baritone, and Consuelo Cloos, mezzo soprano, both of the Russian Grand Opera company, which begin on Monday evening of next week at the Greene Studio, Lincoln and Thirteenth. The accompanist will be Miss J. Johnson.

Mrs. Francis E. Lloyd of Montreal, now summering in Carmel, will sketch the evolution of Russian music from Glinka to and including Rachmaninoff, together with short talks concerning Russian music and individual composers, whose compositions will be rendered.

The program for the first concert next Monday evening, August 22, is as follows:
Aria from "Ruslan and Luduvilla".....Glinka
"Worms".....Dargomjisky
Aria from "Demon".....Rubenstein
Wedding Song from "Nerone".....Rubenstein
"Romance".....Rubenstein
"The Desert".....Balakarev
"To the Little Star".....Moussorgsky
Aria from "Boris Goudonoff".....
.....Moussorgsky

Byington Ford gave a flawless interpretation of the unusually colorful part of Chick Hewes. His voice and tempo were good, his controlled passion and half strangled eloquence in the office of the deputy commissioner, I liked. In talking to Molly he revealed a tenderness and touching quality that was excellent.

Franklin Murphy played Charley Carey, Molly Hewes' young brother, who somewhere along the road had taken the wrong turning and had become a dope fiend. It was a heavy part to carry, and was Murphy's first role of any account on the stage. His characterization was uniformly excellent; he held his pose throughout the play; his hysterical outburst in the commissioner's office was beautifully done.

It is becoming monotonous to write that Louise Walcott did good work. As Mrs. Halloran, the Irish landlady, she added one more picture to the gallery she is carefully building up. This thoughtful actress always repays study of her careful detail. Constance Heron, as her daughter, Daisy, showed poise and self confidence that always pleases the audience. Her voice was good and in the Hewes' apartment she did a delightful piece of work

(Turn to Page Nine)

(Continued from Page One)
alleged million dollar embezzlements.

Saturday, August 13

Main building of the State Teachers' College at Chico scene of mysterious blast and fire which razes the main building with a loss of half a million dollars.

Another airplane entrant in Hawaiian race crashes killing Captain A. V. Rogers at Los Angeles.

Will C. Wood announces that he will show no mercy in prosecution of Inyo bank looters, declaring that there have been embezzlements totalling \$800,000 or more.

Madge Kennedy, actress, left half a million in husband's will. Miss Kennedy has just completed an engagement at the Curan theater in San Francisco.

Thomas A. Edison is honored at his home in New Jersey on fiftieth anniversary of phonograph.

Sunday, August 14

Inyo bank officials arested on charges of embezzlement.

Mrs. Wayne B. Wheeler, wife of legal head of Anti-Saloon League, dies from burns suffered in the explosion of an oil stove at the Wheeler summer home at Little Point Sable, Mich. Her father-in-law, suffering from heart trouble, drops dead when Mrs. Wheeler, her clothing in flames, rushes to him for aid.

President Coolidge approves budget estimate of \$3,316,000,000, disappointing many who looked for appreciable tax cut this year.

Prince of Wales said to be interested in Miss Valerie Jones, daughter of the late Colonel Elmer Jones of the 21st. Canadian Infantry Battalion, killed in action at Amiens during the World War. He is said to have made her a frequent dancing partner at recent social affairs in his honor at Ottawa.

Interstate Commerce commission orders a reduction in freight rates out of California for fruit, amounting to 13 cents per 100 pounds.

Monday, August 15

German airplane starts from Dessau, Germany, for United States.

Charles Chaplin and attorneys for Lita Chaplin arrive in San Francisco to make final preparations for divorce trial. It is expected that a settlement will be made by which Mrs. Chaplin will withdraw her most sensational charges and obtain divorce on more conservative grounds.

United States naval vessels start for stations in Pacific to patrol route of Dole Hawaiian flyers.

Adolph Uhl, civic worker in the bay district, announces his candidacy for mayor of San Francisco, saying he will give his salary if elected to the orphanages of the city.

Tuesday, August 16

Nine airplanes announced as ready to start for Hawaii at noon today.

Nicola Sacco, who with Bartolomeo Vanzetti is condemned to die for alleged

riot murders, broke long fast in prison today.

Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel corporation, is dead at 80 in New York.

German airplane, which tried to fly to America from Germany, returns after hard battle with storms.

Gladys Roy, aviatrix, who planned a flight from New York to Rome, killed by propeller of her machine at Youngstown, Ohio.

Dr. Abert Butterfield, San Francisco physician, drowned in effort to save girl in surf at Moss Landing.

**STUDENTS OF SCHAEFFER
SHOW WORK IN SAN FRANCISCO**

SAN FRANCISCO, August 15—A display of the work of the summer students who have been working with Rudolph Schaeffer, exponent of the new color theories, is being held this week at his studio at 127 Grant Avenue. Notable in the work displayed is a collection of abstract design in white plaster, in an extremely modern mood, but with an organized direction that makest the designs suggestive of stage sets, furniture or objects of art. A series of designs in black and white, of pure line is extremely interesting, and in addition to the color compositions which form the basic structure of Schaeffer's doctrines. Flower arrangements, little groups of suggested interior decoration application and several panels of formal composition complete the show, which is probably the most versatile of those that the color enthusiasts have shown in some time. The display is open to the public without charge.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

The Cinderella Shop

Sale of
**SILK SPORT
DRESSES and HATS**

**WAFFLES
at all hours**

LUNCHES
CANDIES
ICE CREAM

CURTIS'

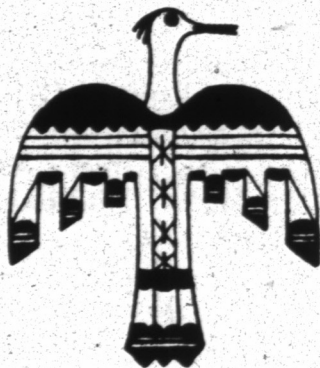
Telephone 390

Wrought Iron

The Forge in The Oaks

John Catlin

Carmel



THUNDER BIRD

A PUEBLO SHOP

Southwest Handicrafts
Books
Rental Library of Modern French Books

Flor de Monterey Building

Monterey

ICE CREAM BRICKS
TO ORDER

FOUNTAIN DRINKS

WHITNEY'S

BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON

HOME-MADE CANDY

Carmelites and Near Carmelites in Print

AUTHORS associated with Carmel are well represented in the magazines this month. In Liberty for August 6 James Hopper has "Home for the Night". In the Theatre Arts Monthly for August there is an article by Mary Austin, "Gesture in Primitive Drama".

In the Saturday Evening Post Samuel G. Blythe writes "The Iffers Are With Us". Jesse Lynch Williams has a two-part story in the same magazine, "The Co-Education of Peter White". Williams also has "If You Didn't Have To Work" (with a remarkably good photograph of him, by the way) in the Cosmopolitan. Gouverneur Morris has a story in Cosmopolitan called "Cinderella's Husband". "My Best Girl", by Kathleen Norris is in Collier's; John Fleming Wilson has a yarn called "Six Days" in Thrills, and in the Red Book I. A. R. Wylie has "What You Want in Life," and Will James has written "The Breed of 'Em".

NEW LESSEES OF GOLDEN BOUGH OPEN EXECUTIVE OFFICES

The Misses Denny and Watrous, lessees of the Theatre of the Golden Bough for the next two years, are to be found between two and five o'clock in the afternoon in the executive offices of the theater where they are taking subscriptions for the 1927-1928 season, giving patrons their choice of seats for the plays, and discussing plans for the coming season.

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS OPENED LAST MONDAY

The fall session of the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco opened Monday of this week with an unusually large enrolment. Lee F. Randolph, director of the school, who has been serving as guest instructor at the summer sessions of the University of Utah, returned to San Francisco in time to open the term. Pupils from practically every state in the Union and from many foreign countries are on the list of students, and the establishment of San Francisco as a center for the new and vigorous art feeling that seems certain to be a product of this decade, seems very likely.

AT THE MANZANITA

The Manzanita Theater is showing Tonight, "All Aboard", with Johnny Hines; Thursday and Friday, August 18 and 19, "The Silent Lover", with Milton Sills; Saturday, August 20, "Silver King Comes Through", with Fred Thompson; Monday, August 21, "Ritz", with Betty Bronson, and Monday and Tuesday, August 22 and 23, "Drums of the Desert", with Warner Baxter and Ford Sterling.

Ford Owners

Special Inspection Service on your Ford



DURING this week, beginning Monday, August 15, we will offer a special free inspection service to all Ford car and truck owners.

We invite you to bring your car to our service department. It will be thoroughly inspected by Ford-trained mechanics. There will be no charge.

This is being done that you, as a Ford owner, may derive the most satisfactory use of your car or truck, as well as to acquaint you with our facilities for service and to enable you to meet our organization of Ford-trained service men.

If it is found that your Ford needs repairs or adjustments of any kind, we will submit a report to you with our recommendations and an estimate of the cost. If you care to have the work done, we shall be glad to do it, and can assure you of the highest quality of workmanship, performed in a shop equipped with modern and approved machinery.

In some cases all that is necessary is a "tuning up" of the motor. We are making a special charge of only \$1.00 for this work which includes:

- Cleaning and adjusting spark plugs
- Cleaning and adjusting coil units
- Testing battery and filling with water
- Cleaning carburetor and sediment bulb
- Cleaning commutator case

You may bring your car in at any time this week for the free inspection. It is important for you to take advantage of this offer, especially if you are planning a vacation trip or the extensive use of your car during the summer.

FREE OF CHARGE

CARMEL GARAGE

FORD DEPARTMENT

San Carlos near Ocean Avenue

Telephone 272

CARMEL CYMBAL

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Advertising rates obtainable on application.

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City Official Paper of Carmel-by-the-Sea

PERSONAL MENTION

PARDOW HOPPER is planning a "baby party" at the new swimming pool at Pebble Beach on the evening of September 3.

Mrs. Mark Kinsey and her small son, Thorne, came down from San Francisco on Saturday with Mrs. Ralph Todd, and are the guests of Mrs. George Boke.

Mrs. David Westheimer is staying at Del Monte for some time this month. She is well known to the reading public as "Duffy West".

Mrs. E. P. Young and Mrs. Robert Stanton have returned to Pebble Beach from San Francisco where they spent several days. They are planning in the near future to leave for the east on a trip of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Woodward and their two small daughters have returned to town from San Francisco and Los Gatos, where they spent several days last week.

Mrs. Helene Irwin Crocker and Miss Marion Ziele returned to San Francisco from Pebble Beach, and Mrs. Crocker will remain there for some time. When her house at Pebble Beach is completed she will divide her time between here and San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, who have been on the Peninsula for several days, have left for their home in San Francisco.

Miss Willette Allen come up from Hollywood on Saturday and will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hobart P. Glassell for

a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Ney entertained a group of their friends on Friday evening in honor of their Belgian guests, Messrs. Allinckx and Convent. M. Allinckx is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and is at present making a report on the steel industry in this country. Mr. Ney accompanied his guests to Los Angeles on Monday.

Edward G. Kuster has been in Los Angeles for the past week and is returning home today.

Mrs. Ashfield Stowe is down from San Francisco and is visiting her mother, Baroness Nugent.

Mrs. John Cooper Orcutt is in San Francisco.

Miss Dorothy Druhe, who has been holidaying in Carmel, returned last week to her home in Piedmont.

Miss Anne Walcott has returned from Barbara where she was a guest of her grandmother for a week.

Professor Lloyd, head of the department of Botany in McGill University, Montreal, has been visiting at Stanford University the past week, going on to Berkeley where he was the guest of Professor Harper Goodspeed of the department of Botany there.

James Doud and Billy Hudson left on Saturday morning for a trip "around the world". Fred Godwin accompanied them as far as San Francisco. The trip was arranged and the reservations obtained through the Sterling Travel Bureau of Carmel.

Mrs. Robert Henderson, Mrs. H. I. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and Mr. and Mrs. William G. Parrott of San Mateo are at Pebble Beach Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berkey are leaving this week for Salt Lake City where they will visit friends, later going on to Yellowstone Park.

Mr. S. F. B. Morse, with his son, Jack, and Stanford Glynn are on Mr. Morse's new yacht, "The Water Wagon" on their way to Santa Barbara and Catalina. They will be joined at Catalina by Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Francis McComas.

Mrs. Alice Josselyn and Mr. Winsor Josselyn left yesterday for a fortnight's trip to Yellowstone Park.

Friends in Carmel have received announcements from Dr. and Mrs. Wesley Davison of the marriage of their daughter, Caroline, to Mr. Jerome Bishop Eberts in Victoria, B. C., on Sunday, Aug-

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

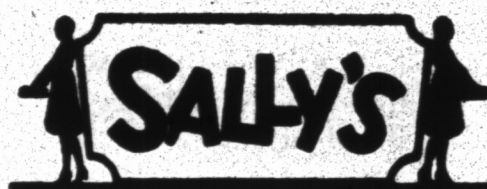
ust 13. The Davisons lived in Carmel last year.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gottfried, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Prince, and Mr. S. J. Prince went on a hunting trip over the week-end. They drove up the valley as far as the cars could go and then went on horseback up the mountain.

R. E. BROWNELL DENTIST

POSTOFFICE
BUILDING

PHONE 250



LUNCHEON AFTERNOON TEA

And serving dinner now from 6 to 8

GOLDEN BOUGH THEATRE CARMEL

7:00-8:45 Adm. 10-30-50
H. K. Busey, Lessee
Motion Pictures Every Night

SUN. - MON., AUG. 21 - 22

CRADLE SNATCHERS

A Riotous Comedy of Women with Young Ideas

Louise Fazenda, Dorothy Phillips, J. Farrell and M. S. Donald

NEWS COMEDY SCENIC

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23

DICE WOMEN

Oriental Vice—A brave woman's battle and her refuge in a harem.

Priscilla Dean and John Bowers

NEWS COMEDY SCENIC

WED. - THURS., AUG. 24 - 25

One Increasing Purpose

By author of "If Winter Comes" Edmond Lowe, Lila Lee, Huntley Garden, May Allison.

SCENIC COLLEGIANS

FRI. - SAT., AUG. 26 - 27

Wings of the Storm

"Thunder", the dog sensation Wm. Russell, Virginia Brown Faire, Reed Howers

A touching human story of a girl, a man and a dog.

ARGO-NOUGHTS

THE CARMEL WEAVERS are having their share of touristitis. (As W. K. wouldn't say, that word has a sophomoric sound). One day last week Vivienne and Iris were weaving when an excited voice at the door said: "You know all of Carmel is just like a circus, with your funny little shops for sideshows." The girls were telling me this, and laughing at the characteristic lack of common sense and knowledge of acoustics shown by all strangers who peer over the little Dutch door and make perfectly audible remarks to one another.

I think the best of these remarks came from a woman, obviously from somewhere in Iowa, who stared with unblinking eyes at Iris, who was weaving on the big loom, and then turned and favored Vivienne with as long a look. After all this she said to her companion: "My, aren't they perculiar looking," and turned away.

EVERYBODY is invited to "Kick In" with the money for a ticket to the Abalone League show tonight and tomorrow night. They are held up on the street by pretty girls, and firmly directed to the Del Monte Properties office where By Ford and Kit Cooke hate to be interrupted talking "show" even to sell a lot. Now that isn't supposed to be a jest; it's the cold and solemn truth. Tuesday morning the burning question of to tag or not to tag was being discussed. Harrison Godwin was talking and printing a sign, and as usual (?) I was just listening, when a woman came in to shop around for some Del Monte property. And those two bustling salesmen, Kit and By, actually were annoyed when they stopped talking about "Kick In" and sold her a lot. I might add that Kit also sold her a ticket to the show.

LOUIS SLEVIN has two interesting displays in his window this week. One is a catalog of the Remington bicycle, published in 1892. The pictures of the "safetys" are amusing, and their description no less so. This was the day when cycling was a hard and fast fact, and not 'the passing fancy of the affluent'. They had good advertising men in those

days, too. One beautiful bike was a "full roadster, weight 46 pounds, including mud guards". That was the pride of the Remington. Another one, not quite so elegant, weighed 49 pounds, and had rat-trap pedals for reducing weight. And these things cost \$140.

The other thing of interest is two photos of Ocean Avenue. One away back in 1903, when one white barn and lots of beautiful trees were to be seen, and the other taken this year. Says Louis: "The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be."

—HILDA

Uncle Tom's Cabin Acted 300,000 Times

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN is an instance of a play's popularity being so great that the play itself has become more or less of a tradition, a part of the early romantic, blood and thunder days when the stage was held largely by emotional appeal.

When Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote the book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin", she did not reserve the dramatic rights. The story was first published March 20, 1852, and by August of the same year it had been dramatized without her consent. According to Morton Moses stage versions "grew" like Topsy, and now there are an uncoun- ted number of versions, copiously sprinkled with solos, breakdowns and quartets. Managers tried to outdo one another in the number of people, songs and dances introduced.

The play has had well above 300,000 performances in America and abroad. There are many extant versions in Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German and French. Some of them have as many as eight acts and fifty-five scenes.

As early as the fall of 1852 Uncle Tom was advertised as played in two London theaters. The first American production of the Aikin version used by the Carmel Players was in the Troy Museum September 27, 1852. The Troy papers read: "The doors open at seven, to com-

mence at eight. Admission twenty-five cents; Children, half price. Boys to the gallery, twelve and half cents. Box seats, twelve and a half cents extra. Orchestra spring seats and cushioned arm chairs, twenty-five cents extra.

Let's go! A ride at sunset over the winding roads of the Mesa overlooking Carmel Mission will convince you that there is no finer setting for a home anywhere on the beautiful California coast line. View sites of large area on the Mission Mesa are available at from \$1050 up. Inquire Carmel Land Company, office Ocean Avenue, telephone 18.

TESTING ADJUSTING
REPAIRING

Chas. E. Roberts, O. D.

Opens his Carmel Store in
FARLEY BUILDING
Dolores Street
JUNE 1

Graduate Kansas School of Optometry
12 years practicing in Monterey

NEW LAND

Wooded building plots at Carmel Highlands are now for sale at prices and terms within the reach of any buyer of scenic property on the Carmel coast line.

Inquire

Carmel Land Company

Office, Ocean Ave. Telephone 18

OPEN TO TRAVELERS

CARMEL INN

Sunny, newly furnished rooms, in a brand new building, close to the center of town, on San Carlos Highway leading to the Mission.

Hot and cold water in every room. Moderate prices, and—
BEST BEDS

MRS. A. KITCHEN,
Proprietor

SAN CARLOS near SEVENTH
Carmel 691

Super-Structure for a Drug Store



Photo by Slevin

An Open Letter to M. J. Murphy

My Dear Mr. Murphy:

WHEN I first planned this letter to you I honestly felt that through it Carmel had something to gain, but now, with that frame structure of the Harrison Memorial library reaching such a fixed and apparently permanent aspect, I have come to the conclusion that the case of the city, and the friends of Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison is lost, and that the only gain that can come from my addressing you, and in a purely friendly manner, I assure you, is gain to yourself and a reversion on your part of the standing you have so long held in this community.

And in inditing this letter I want to make it plain at the outset that I consider you, and in a purely friendly manner, I proved that you are. You have done a considerable amount of work for me, as far as cabinet work etc. in a printing plant is concerned, and you have not sent me a bill, other than the initial statement of the amount of the work, the materials used, and the labor involved. You have chosen to let the account work out with your ad. in *The Cymbal*.

Further I consider you a good contractor and builder. You have proved this in Carmel, and you have prospered because of it. A Murphy house is recognized as a good house, and it is a good house. The name "Murphy" when applied to a house in Carmel has had the connotation similar to the word "sterling" when applied to silver.

And you have been as kind to others as you have been to me. My editorship of a newspaper, and the influence that that may be assumed to wield, have not moved you in this. You are that sort of a man. You are a good fellow, in whatever that term implies.

Which reminds me of an incident in the ups and downs of my journalistic career. During my term as an official of the city and county of Honolulu, running jointly with my unofficial capacity as editor of a daily paper there, I had occasion to make a fight against the Hawaiian Contracting company for what was unquestionably the looting of public funds in the contract for the construction of the Nuuanu Pali road. There was a steal in that job and a big steal, and I told the people about it from the political platform and from the columns of the newspaper which I edited.

Walter F. Dillingham was the president of the Hawaiian Contracting company. He was, and still is, I believe, a Prince of Good Fellows. There was no one in need he would not help; there was no kindness to which he would not ascend. He was a "good fellow", and my friends, who were a bit worried about my constant attack on his company, reminded me of that and warned me against what public opinion might be aroused against me because of it.

I answered this fear and admonition by admitting that Walter Dillingham was a "good fellow", probably the best in the

islands, but I asked why it would not be a good thing on his part to be a good fellow to the city and county of Honolulu. After all, it was merely a matter of degree—and wasn't it?

Now, your case and that of Mr. Dillingham are not in the main analogous—you aren't robbing the city of Carmel or the Harrison Memorial library trust—but is your conscience entirely clear in this library matter? Are you going to be proud of that building you are constructing over there at Lincoln and Ocean avenue? Do you believe yourself that it is the building that the city council of Carmel, aided by you—a bit aided by you—have endeavored to lead the people to believe. You are a good fellow to individuals, but have you been, are you now, a good fellow to the city of Carmel, and to the Harrison Memorial library trust?

You may be able to answer all these questions in the affirmative, but before I go on to propound some additional ones, I want to hark back a minute to my opening conclusion in which I said that this letter will have a tendency, if you accept it in the right spirit, to do something for you in relation to your standing in this community. Some time recently I wrote a letter to Mr. George Wood, city councilman, along these same lines and he chose to ignore it. I believe that he lost ground in Carmel by this attitude, because people said, and are saying, that he could not answer it. Now, it is altogether

Super-Structure for a Memorial Library



Photo by Slevin

er possible, and probable, that you can answer the statements I shall make in this letter. I hope you can; as a friend of yours, I hope you do. Because, actually, there is a lot of discussion about town in regard to that Memorial Library building, and about your building of it.

In the first place I can make the statement without contradiction from you, can't I, that that building you are putting up there is not fireproof? I can say, can't I, without fear of similar contradiction, that it is not nearly as fireproof as would have been the building designed by Jo Mora and which J. C. Anthony of Monterey emphatically declared he could and would build for \$19,000?

And yet you, Mr. Murphy, declared in court in Salinas, not two months ago, that your building was of steel and concrete construction, didn't you? It was not until a second and more pointed question was asked you that you admitted the concrete was confined to the foundation and the "steel" was the wire netting on which the stucco, or whatever you call it, would be spread.

And who drew the plans for this building you are constructing? Bernard Maybeck, the noted architect, didn't, did he? They were drawn in your office, weren't they; Bernard Maybeck telling the Carmel city council that after your draughtsman drew them he would "criticize" them?

And after you had drawn the plans, you drew up the specifications. Why, Mr. Murphy, was there only one other bid beside your own on these specifications, and why was that bid more than \$5,000 higher than yours?

And when you were awarded the contract, after the delay caused by the injunction proceedings that failed to work, you rushed on the job so quickly the next morning that people thought you had been up all night—you and your men.

And, Mr. Murphy, who is superintendent of the construction of this library building? Many people say that you are. Being the contractor and the superintendent on the job—isn't that illegal?

Then, there's another point about which people are talking. It arouses this question I would ask you. Did you ever hear or know of a memorial building being erected when there was nothing in the manner of a ceremony held in connection with the ground-breaking or the cornerstone laying? I know that this is probably awfully sentimental, but it does follow a sort of tradition we have accepted for decades. Doesn't it strike you as rather peculiar that there was none in the starting of this library building, to stand—until a fire—as a monument to a man who did much public service in this country?

These are all questions I am sure you can answer; and through your answer you can clear the public mind of much of the fog that clouds it in relation to this library. I sincerely believe that you should answer them. And if you desire to place your answer in The Cymbal where the questions appear, I will gladly give you the space and as much prominence to what you have to say as has been given to the letter which asks you to say it. And if your reply is that you are not a "writer", being a contractor, I will contribute what writ-

ing ability I may have to "dressing up" what you have to say, and submit the copy to you for your final acceptance.

I have tried to put this up to you in a friendly manner. I know that it is a situation in which the people are vitally interested. You have made of yourself a citizen who will be listened to, if you care to reply.

For your sake I wish you would do it.

W. K. BASSETT

M. J. MURPHY
CONTRACTING

and

BUILDING

• •

**BUILDING
MATERIALS**

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Notes and Comment



IF YOU Carmelites are interested in what the Common People think of you, listen to this one. A man representing a mercantile bureau of San Francisco entered The Cymbal office the other day and in a most polite and serious manner stated his business. When we told him that he would profit nothing by devoting any time to us, he was still polite and stopped to chat a while. "Carmel is an interesting town, isn't it?" he offered. We admitted that it was, wondering if his interest in it at the time was in any way akin to ours. "You do things so differently here," he went on. Then he pointed at the cover of the "If I Were King" program, hanging on our office wall. "There, for example," he said. "You have changed it to 'If I WERE King', while in San Francisco, of course, it was played as 'If I WAS King'." We glanced at him quickly, not to be caught napping, but by the expression on his face we realized the awful truth.

WHICH naturally brings us to a discussion of typographical errors. There are some unkind persons who charge that we corner more than our share of them, and we are compelled to admit the charge. Some are annoying, some are funny, and some are downright disgusting. An instance of one or the other of these categories was evident last week. We quoted, with permission, an article from The Argus of San Francisco, a very able journal of art comment and criticism, and we printed it "The Argue". That, the editors of the worthy monthly will admit, was carrying a subtle tribute too far.

THE FOLLOWING advertisement appears in the classified columns of the Peninsula Herald:

WANTED—Someone to play tennis with young woman. Phone Carmel 170-W.

We are running the ad. free of charge here because although we are too busy at present to comply with it, we want the young woman to know that we sympathize with her most natural desires and wish to do all we can to help her accomplish her end. We can readily imagine what desperation can encompass a human being without a tennis partner.

Looking outward through your home windows what do you see? Where are the available view sites of yesteryear? Mission Mesa homes will enjoy a panorama of sea and mountains not excelled anywhere. Mission Mesa home sites are for sale by the Carmel Land Company, office Ocean Avenue, telephone 18.

ON ANOTHER page or pages of this issue of The Cymbal will be found the commencement day address of Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick at Smith college, and its appearance here may need an explanation to those who may only glance at it and not read it. It was sent to us as a clipping from the Smith College Alumnae Quarterly. It came with no letter of explanation, which naturally required that we read it. We did, and by that reading we gained a strong inkling of the identity of the sender. She would send just such a thing to us; she is that kind of a girl. She is the kind of a girl that would cheer the heart of Dr. Fosdick as one who has gone forth "amid the prevailing vulgarity and lowmindedness to change the likes of her generation that she may make a more decent world". And while we are pretty certain she did not expect we would use it in The Cymbal we are grateful that she sent it that we might.

HERE ARE two letters, both extremely frank and candid although they deal with varying subjects:

To the Editor of The Cymbal,
Sir:

In the course of your very fair summary of my loose talk to the International Women's League for Peace and Freedom last week you remarked that my hold on the peace problem was lower down than that of my hostesses. That is true. But you smiled. Why? Of course I am more radical than they are; I am more radical than the majority of men. But I have reason to think that that is the reason these women asked me to speak to them and their friends: they expected me to show them how they could strengthen their

grip on War and they have had me since go over their program with their executive officers to suggest improvements. My impression is that this women's league and their associates in other towns and countries are on the way to find out what the causes of war and what the fourteen points, more or less, are for peace. If this league of women proceeds slowly enough to follow the trail they are on we might have after the next war what we lacked and paid dear for after this last was—a solid body of informed public opinion to back the negotiators for peace. No smiling matter, this, but, if we must smile let's all smile together—lest we weep. I wish the women would admit to membership in their peace league, if not men, then at any rate the fathers of boy babies, like

Yours very earnestly,
LINCOLN STEFFENS

The Carmel Cymbal,
Gentlemen:

During a very brief trip to your city, while walking on the beach, I found part of a copy of The Cymbal.

The bit I have, pages 7, 8, 9 and 10, date not known, containing part of "A Good Egg", made such easy reading that I am enclosing 25 cents for a copy of The Cymbal.

GENEVIEVE P. LAMASNEY,
Alamena.

The Mission Mesa, the third section of Hatton Fields, Monterey County's loveliest subdivision, is at last for sale in plots of from one quarter acre up. Call the Carmel Land Company, Carmel 18, and a car will be sent to show you this fine property.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHANGE OF SCHEDULE

EFFECTIVE AUGUST 6, 1927

The 7:15 a. m. from Carmel; the 7:30 p. m. from Monterey; the 8:00 p. m. from Carmel, and the 9:10 p. m. from Monterey will be discontinued. Revised schedule is as follows.

TIME TABLE

Leave Carmel for Monterey		Leave Monterey for Carmel	
8:00	1:00	8:30	1:30
9:30	2:30	10:30	3:30
11:00	5:00	12:00	5:15
	6:00		5:30

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"Kick In"

(Continued from Page One)

when she sat on the table and talked to Franklin Murphy. It was one of the professional bits of the play.

Katharine Cooke played Memphis Besie. She talked, acted and looked the part. It was a small part, but Miss Cooke made it stand out, and it was very difficult to look at anyone else when she was on the stage.

Tommi Thomson was Molly Hewes, Chick's young wife. It was a rather thankless part, subject to difficulties of the author's making, and if at times she did not build up the part she possibly gave it what she thought it deserved.

Tad Stinson, as the almost unbelievably despicable detective, Whip Fogarty, carried his part well. He was very good indeed in the fight scene with Chick Hewes. John Macfarlane played Deputy Commissioner Garvey with a smoothness that is surprising when one remembers that this is his first time to act. Don Hale and Jack Eaton had small parts to play in the commissioner's office, and did what they had to do well.

A delightful feature of the evening was the musical program contributed by Dene Denny, Patty Mora, Alice Meckenstock, Henry Dickinson and Thomas Cator. The overture and first entr'act were given by Mr. Cator, pianist; Mrs. Meckenstock, violinist, and Mr. Dickinson, flutist. The second entr'act Patty Mora played Grieg's "Scenes of Carnival", Chopin's Mazurka, and Kriesler's "Caprice Viennois". Dene Denny, for the third entr'act, played Henry Cowell's "Harp of Life".

The play will be repeated tonight and tomorrow night. It is more than well worth seeing; a play, in short, the defects of which are far outweighed by its qualities of observation, humor and pathos; by its sense of situation and its bold and varied characterization.

—HILDA

When Prof. Lloyd Worked in 3 Plays

PROFESSOR D. A. Murray, head of the department of Mathematics at McGill University, and Mrs. Murray, who are spending the summer in California, were recent guests of Professor and Mrs. Lloyd in Carmel.

Their visit recalled an amusing incident in 1914, when Professor Murray came "over the hill" to find Professor Lloyd, who, like the rest of Carmel that summer, was camping out at the Forest Theater. There were then three distinct organizations. The Western Drama was playing Stevenson's "Macaire", and Heron's "Montezuma". The Forest Theater was playing Sidney Coe Howard's first play, "Sons of Spain", written while Howard was a student at the University of California,

and Mary Austin's company was playing her "Arrow Maker".

Professor Lloyd acted an errant priest in "Macaire", Cortez in "Montezuma" Father Serra in "Sons of Spain" and Tarwots in "The Arrow Maker". So Professor Murray found him busy, but he was so intrigued with all the plays and the parts played by his colleague that he promised another trip to Carmel. This year he was more delighted with Carmel than ever, and will return again in the near future.

The Mission Mesa is to be a place of attractive homes and lovely gardens, a locality protected from crowding and unsightly buildings, a place where beauty is and will remain. Remember that home sites on the Mission Mesa are limited in number and that an early choice is advisable.

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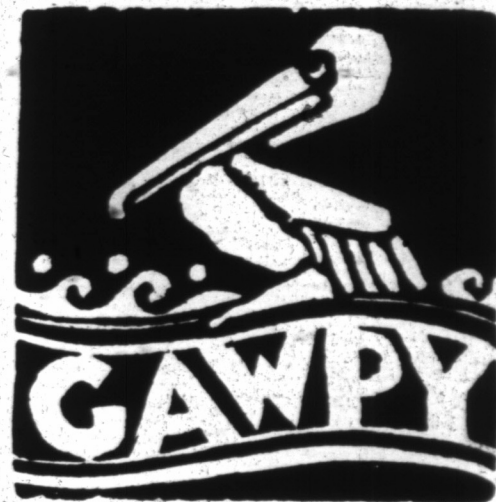
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Dr. H. E. Fosdick's Commencement Day Address at Smith College

PRESIDENT NEILSON, Members of the Board of Trustees and of the Faculty, Young Women of the Graduating Class, and Friends: I frankly presume this morning upon the fact that I am a member of the Smith College family and do not come here as a stranger. You will allow me then to forego any attempt to be formally academic, even in this academic occasion, and will permit me to do the only thing I am interested in doing—speak directly and practically to you, the members of the graduating class.

If it did not sound too dreadfully old-fashioned, I should call the subject of my remarks Good Taste. George Eliot in her poem on Stradivarius, maker of beautiful violins, says:

"Antonio Stradivari has an eye
That winces at false work and loves
the true."

That is good taste—an eye that winces at false work and loves the true. John Ruskin even went so far as to say that in the last analysis good taste is the only morality. This subject is chosen because of two aspects of the generation's life that you are now going out to share and to influence. On the one side old codes, conventions, and traditions of behavior are obviously breaking down. They used to guide our fathers and in their time did valuable service, but their influence plainly is waning and in some realms is almost defunct; and on the other side we face new situations where there never have been any codes, conventions, and traditions of behavior. Old codes of behavior gone; new situations where there never have been codes of behavior, that is the condition which the new generation faces, and the upshot is obvious—if we are going to live well ourselves and get the world well on, we must possess our own inward standards, have our own effective and creative good taste, possess an "eye that winces at false work and loves the true."

You are going out into a generation one of whose characteristics is the breakdown of old codes about right and wrong. Personally I am persuaded that this new generation is much more hopeful than its predecessor but it certainly is different, and in no point is the difference more obvious than in the present attitude toward time-honored codes of right and wrong. The gist of the difference lies in the fact that once right and wrong had a well defined content. People knew what was right and what was wrong. The social code, supported by the family, church, and school was clear. The words right and wrong conjured up in the imagination pictures of well defined types of behavior that the community in general commonly recognized. But now—I need not elaborate the obvious—the situation is rap-

idly shifting. What is right is the question. What is right in family life, in sex relationship, in personal habits, in economic practices, in international dealing? Nothing is a foregone conclusion now in any of those realms, and the sign manual of a bona fide member of the new generation is that he refuses unquestioning acquiescence to any conventional code of conduct.

To be sure, there are plenty of families, schools, and churches that propose still to enforce the old codes. Here, for example, is a household in which across the generations from faithful sire to faithful son, in spite of black sheep who refused to run with the flock, has been handed down the family code. Such and such things were forbidden and such and such were allowed in that household, and now the proposal is to take a growing youth and run him into the mold of that well defined convention. Well, if you can get away with that in your family you are unusually fortunate. A father recently said to me with mingled amusement and consternation that his thirteen-year-old daughter had just informed him that he was hopelessly mid-Victorian.

The fact is that the new generation has no respect for artificial conventions. The new generation disallows the authority of an external code, and the futility of talking to it in such terms is obvious when one takes account of families, churches, and schools that hereby are losing their grip as moral guides upon the consciences of youth.

This morning, therefore, I suggest a fresh approach to the ethical problem. I commend it to you who now go out to face the teasing questions of behavior in this modern age. Frequently youths come to me saying in effect, "I am through with conventional codes of conduct; I do not know what is right and what is wrong, but I will not trust any ancient code to tell me, and I have no aspiration to be a saint and according to the standards of the elder generation live a righteous life." To whom habitually I say, "Very well, we will say nothing about being a saint and living a righteous life, but what about

being an artist and living a beautiful life? Can you so easily escape the appeal? To have a very fine opinion of yourself, so fine that you would hate to live an ugly life, to exercise good taste about living,

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

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**"THRE BAD MEN" ARRIVE AT
GOLDEN BOUGH THIS WEEK**

The Three Bad Men are riding into Carmel on Friday and Saturday to the Theatre of The Golden Bough, showing civilization's progress in the West, and how pioneer dreams become realities. These bad men are played by J. Farrell, Mac Donald, Tom Santschi and Frank Campau. The gambler Layne is played by Lou Tellegan and George O'Brien and Olive Borden play the pioneer lovers. On Sunday and Monday "Cradle Snatchers", a riotous farce featuring Louise Fazenda, Dorothy Phillips, Sammy Cohen, J. Farrell MacDonald and Ethel Wales. Three wives hire three college boys to to play Romeos and give the wandering husbands a taste of their own medicine. These neglected wives turn loose and have the time of their lives. The picture of the dismayed husbands suffering doubly for their delinquencies is a sermon.

On Tuesday Priscilla Dean will be seen in "The Dice Woman". The story deals with flappers, the theft of jewels, the romance that takes us from California to the Orient in a series of situations that are as amazing in their scope as they are thrilling in their effect. Forced by crooks to play a role she little dreamed of enacting, Anita Gray, innocent of wrongdoing but heedless to a fault, becomes a fugitive on the perilous road of adventure.

On Wednesday and Thursday "One Increasing Purpose", Hutchinson's great novel, will be shown. Like the same author's "If Winter Comes", it makes a splendid photoplay, and an exceptional cast is headed by Edmund Lowe.

**FRATERNITY HEAD PAYS VISIT
OF OFFICE TO CARMEL**

An interesting visitor on the Peninsula this week was Mr. James Anderson Hawes of New York. He is the general secretary of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, and was making a tour of all the Western chapter houses. He was at Del Monte over the week-end, and was entertained by several "Dekes" on the Peninsula, among whom are Byington Ford, Paul Flanders, Samuel F. B. Morse, Charles Van Riper and Halsted Yates. Mr. Hawes is much interested in all social problems, and he was given a luncheon at Sally's by members of the "Round Table", on Monday, so that he could get a close view of one of Carmel's greatest problems, social or otherwise.

**ROBERT EDGREN, SPORT WRITER,
TO LIVE AT PEBBLE BEACH**

Robert Edgren, syndicate sport writer, and one time sports editor of the New York World, is coming to Pebble Beach to live. He has bought, through the San Carlos Investment company, Mrs. M. A. Graham's home at Point Joe near the Country Club. Edgren is an artist, writer, and

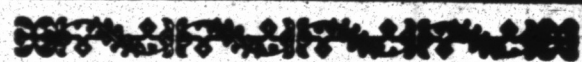
keen yachtsman. He has a son at Stanford University, and with Mrs. Edgren, will open their new home about October first. It is interesting to note that Edgren and James Hopper were classmates at the University of California.

**NEW BOOKS AT THE
GAME COCK LIBRARY**

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(Continued from Page Eleven)

instinctively to feel the difference between fair and foul as a skilled bank teller by the very touch can discriminate between true money and counterfeit—that is not appealing to a code. That is appealing to something very deep in us, that ranges high, and reaches far."

Of course I am aware that a thoroughbred authoritarian who has been accustomed to stake everything in a well defined conventional code will think that appeal shallow. I am certain it is not shallow. I am convinced that it is the end and goal of true education and true religion.

Consider, for example, two children coming from two different types of home. One child has been drilled and disciplined in a code. Docile of temperament, let us say, dominated by aggressive parents, timid perhaps, and timorously preferring the peace of obedience to the fury of family disfavor, the child has accepted the code. Now, however well behaved the deportment of that child at the beginning, anybody who understands this new generation will pray for mercy on him when he escapes the dominance of the family and faces situations demanding independent judgment and taste. A mother of my acquaintance said recently that she proposed to make her daughter think what she wanted her to think until she was eighteen years old and then she could begin to think for herself. The Lord have mercy on that girl!

Here, on the other hand, is another kind of child coming from another type of home, where the primary endeavor has been to develop within the child a very high opinion of life. Here the habitual appeal has been not to a conventional code but to the child's own developing sense of good taste. Here the method has been not to say that this or that book is forbidden, but to make so positively attractive the books that are worth reading that the low cannot allure a palate accustomed to a nobler fare. Here the idea has been not to slam doors around the child's life on things taboo and therefore alluring, but to open so many doors on aspects of life thrilling and lovely that there may grow within the child what the New Testament calls "discernment to approve the things that are excellent." When now you consider a child going out from such a home with something in him akin to a musician's ear that rejoices in fine harmony when it is heard and winces at discord, you see what John Ruskin meant when he said that good taste—what you do positively like—is the only morality.

At any rate that is the only kind of youth whom I would trust in this modern time. Standing in the presence of vulgarity, he may not like it; walking where vice walks, he may hate it; seeing futility, selfishness, and purposelessness, he may shrink from them. The finest ethical gift

that any home can give a child or any institution help a growing youth to achieve, mightier by far than all the codes and conventions, is such effective and creative good taste.

I well recall the man who first introduced me to the English classics. He used to take me up into his room and quietly read to me the loveliest things in English speech. He made a quite incalculable contribution to my life. He did for me the finest service that one person can do for another. He changed my taste.

If now the major truth with which we are dealing is fairly clear, let us trace out some of its ramifications. Consider the commonly mooted question of obedience. Multitudes of modern youth are in rebellion against obedience. The very word is obnoxious to them. Why should they subject their personalities to something alien to themselves? Now, I deeply sympathize with such youths, but there is one thing that may be said to them. Whenever they use the word obey they seem to be thinking of something outside themselves. They say, "We will not obey," and imply an external convention, but what about obeying something inside yourself? What about obeying an imperious eye that "winces at false work and loves the true"? Some time ago I heard one of the leading educators of the United States make an address on education. He talked about obedience in a typically modern way. He tore it into shreds, jumped up and down on the remnants, and what was left he threw out of the window. As I listened I fell to wondering why it was that as I recall my early youth, while obedience undoubtedly was there, it did not seem to have done the harm which the man thought it should do. Then the crux of the matter became plain. Whenever he mentioned obedience he was thinking of an external code imposed dogmatically upon a growing youth, and he was right in what he said. But as I recall my early education that is not what obedience meant. Some of us were so fortunate that from the beginning we were trained to obey something inside ourselves, so that when we left home we took it with us.

You mid-Victorians here, the last frazzled remnants of a once mighty race, will recall that Tennyson in one memorable passage pays a high tribute to England's queen, and in particular you will recall that ringing phrase, "Oh! loyal to the royal in thyself." When you are all through with your modern talk about obedience and toss codes out of the window you have not yet touched the nub of the question. "Oh! loyal to the royal in thyself."

Again, let us apply our truth to that realm where moral problems always take fire, the love side of life. Everybody else is talking about sex. It were a pity if in this high and cleansing place we could not speak of it. The attitude which many

of the younger generation are taking toward this question is obvious. They have thrown over old conventions of right and wrong; that it to say, they refuse to define those terms in the ancient ways. "Cannot the old codes of sex relationship be changed?" they ask. To which, of course, the answer is obvious: Surely they can be changed. Anybody who knows history knows that that codes of sex relationship have been in constant process of modification. There was plenty that

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was rotten and hypocritical in the old codes of sex relationship that some of the elder generation honor too highly. They would better be changed. "Why then," says youth, "talk to me about your old rights and wrongs?" to which I say, "Who is talking to you about old rights and wrongs?"

Of course, you will never permanently get rid of those words, right and wrong. Whatever debases personality is wrong; whatever elevates personality is right. There will be no supersession of that stubborn fact. But if, for the time being, the words right and wrong connote to you chiefly an external, artificial convention in sex relationship, I am quite willing to discuss that problem without mentioning right and wrong. When you have dropped right and wrong you still have left two other words quite as searching—beautiful and ugly. The love side of life can be the most beautiful thing in human experience, or it can be the ugliest. Which shall we have it?

You do not need from me any description of the attitudes that make love beautiful. You must have seen some high and alluring exhibitions of it. I often wonder from the man's point of view, whether if he were honest with himself he would find much difference between his ideal of a beautiful love and the old standard

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,

And worship her by years of noble deeds,

Until they won her

You do not need from me any description of the attitudes that make love ugly. You must have seen and read enough of it. Mark it, when you drop right and wrong, when you smash up the old codes in rebellion, you have not yet touched the problem. Love can be very beautiful or it can be very ugly.

If the necessity of an inward taste is clear in realms where codes are losing their influence, surely it is clear in those realms where there never have been any codes. Lindbergh could not base his exploit on a convention. There were no conventions. He was dealing with a new medium; he was handling a new situation. To be sure, I do not mean that in these new realms there is nothing old to guide us—of course there is. Every successful thing that man does is a combination of the old and the new. Reading recently that fascinating book by Professor Lowes, "Convention and Revolt in Poetry," I was struck by the fact that in passage after passage one could take out the word poetry and substitute religion or education or human life in general and have the critic's words hold true. For poetry like human life has its florescent periods, its Elizabethan epochs, when it pours forth a creative flood that bursts over old boundaries and channels new thoroughfares of the spirit. Then there comes a time of conventionality. Old forms of rhythm are

left into which lesser spirits put words, from which the fire and fury of creative genius has departed. You have then formalism, frigid conceits instead of fortunate eloquence, and empty forms of poetry move abroad as though suits of clothes walked down the street with nobody in them.

Out of such an age of conventionality Professor Lowes is right in saying that there are two ways of escape. Some become rebels against the old forms. They write free verse, new rhythms, no rhythms, and some turn to the old forms, revivify them, pour genius and passion into them. So in our time we have had on one side writers of free verse; on the other side spirits like Rupert Brooke, dead in the great war, who took an old sonnet form and poured passion into it—

"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field

That is forever England."

Is not Professor Lowes right in remarking that both these ways have worth? Is not free verse valuable? Yes, says he, "Fresh beginnings are excellent stimulants to a jaded world." And are there not values in the old? Yes, says he, "Cut the connection with the great reservoir of past achievements and the stream runs shallow and the substance of poetry becomes tenuous and thin."

So all progress is a combination of the old and the new. That is true even of Lindbergh's flight. Something new was there, an amazing machine that our fathers could not have dreamed, and something old, personal courage, very ancient, associated with the sublimest hours of human history from the beginning. Nevertheless, as with Lindbergh so with us. We have to carry the old out into new situations where there never have been any codes and conventions.

In 1774 a scientist named Scheele first discovered chlorine. It is a very powerful chemical, by the use of which billions upon billions of gallons of water are annually purified in the United States so that the population can safely drink it. But alas! that is not the whole story. The same chemical is also the substantial basis of chlorine gas, that sinister abomination of the war. There in a nutshell you have the problem of our western civilization. Modern science puts into our hands tremendous new powers with which we can help or destroy, save or damn mankind, and whether we will save or damn mankind with the new powers that science gives is not a problem of science. It is a problem of character, of spiritual quality, of the faiths, motives, and ideals that inwardly dominate mankind. It is a question of taste, of the things we do so powerfully like that we will bend all our energies to their achievement.

If ever there was a generation that needed inward spiritual gyroscopes, inward spiritual quality, fine judgment, high tastes,

great faiths in the midst of a situation where old codes have gone and new codes have not yet come, it is this generation into which you go.

Finally, it would not be fair to our truth if we represented it merely as negative and prohibitive, keeping us from going wrong. Good taste, largely conceived, is one of the creative forces in human life. That is why some of you young people are so fine. For you are fine. This new generation of yours is more frank, more candid, cleaner and wholesomer, healthier, more promising than the generation in which I was brought up. For when a youth, facing the waning influence of old codes and meeting new situations where there are no codes, in lieu of them builds up within himself a fine high taste that like a musician's ear loves harmony and winces at discord, you have spiritual quality begotten which no code can produce.

The finest things in human history have never been wrought by codes anyhow. When Handel wrote the "Hallelujah Chorus," thinking that he saw the heavens opened and heard the angels sing, that was not a matter of code but of a passionate love for something that was lovely. When Paul in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians caught sight of a society founded not on greed but on cooperation and good will, that was not the product of a code but of vision and taste. Even in large social questions taste is creative. Think of an ancient and inveterate institution like slavery, long established, apparently inexpugnable, turning the hearts of the righteous to water within them. At first our fathers liked it; then they were complacent about it; then they felt it ugly, hated it, shrank when they thought of it, until it went to pieces. There you have a profound transformation of public taste whose issues were revolutionary. Today we are living through a similar transformation of taste about war, that ancient and inextinguishable evil of human life. Once our fathers liked it. "If war fail thee in thine own country, get thee swiftly into another," said a knight errant of the fourteenth century to a boy chevalier. But now multitudes of people are beginning to think the processes of war, its motives, its methods, its results are, intolerable. What once our forefather liked we now abhor.

Change of public taste is not a small matter. You can measure the progress of humanity by it: from loving mud huts to loving Gothic cathedrals, from beating tom-toms to appreciating Bach, from glorifying war to believing in brotherhood. They are the great world changers who change public taste. To that high task you young women of privilege are summoned—in yourselves to maintain a fine standard amid the prevailing vulgarity and lowmindedness and so to change the likes of your generation that you may make a more decent world in which God may rear his family.



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